





## THEATRE

### THE ADVENTURES OF F. WILSON TRISCOOT.

Written by PHILIP HAVARD.

No. IX.—BOOTHING.

Panther Joe and I were up before dawn, for we had to pull down the tent and pack up the booth and be ready to start with the other showmen by noon. Joe having generously shared with me his simple breakfast, we commenced the work of demolition in the teeth of a biting wind and driving rain. We were surrounded on all hands by half-clad, half-washed men, women, and children, who, like ourselves, were engaged in taking down and stowing away on vans and carts the effects requisite to their respective shows. The handling of the pick and spade, to remove the wooden spikes driven into the ground, made my hands as raw as those of an amateur roofer, while my back was as sore as if I had been upon the rack.

I confided in Joe, while at work, my penniless condition, and asked him if he thought it likely Mr. Lawkins would advance me a little money.

"What's yer 'rangemint with 'im?" he asked, "screw or share?"

"Oh, let me see; the agreement says twenty-five shillings a week, or share. At my option, I suppose, or by arrangement."

"Not a bit of it, at 'is hopshun, mate. And you, at yer boots, old Sammy knows which side the bread butter lays. You won't get no twenty-five bob; you'll share. Which, if we've a bit 'o' luck, 'll bring yer ten bob. I takes nine and a kick 'ack 'at."

"What?" I cried, having listened with open-mouthed astonishment. "Surely I've a right to refuse the sharing system and demand salary?"

"Oh, ay, ye've the right, but there's only two ways of getting rights as I knows on—'stiffen or 'loze to 'em."

"H'm, will yer. Lor's a luxury for the rich, mate."

I saw the full significance of what my colleague left me to infer. That mighty force, impetuosity, which prevented me seeking fresh fields and pastures new, also hindered me from going to law, so I continued my work pensively.

"When is treasury day," I asked, after a short silence.

"Oh, he in general parts up after each show, unless he ceps the bread like last night, then I 'aves to wait till morning."

I looked up, a feeling of meek resignation having stolen over me, for my eyes rested upon the silver lining of the cloud.

"Thank goodness, Joe; then I shall have a few coppers presently."

"Oh no yedon't. He keeps three or four days in for fear you should do a bolt. Ye won't get nothin' out of Sammy afore Friday."

My spirits fell again, but Joe proceeded to comfort me.

"Ye want no coin to-day, mate, for we 'aves a beef 'ere, and pay a fair price, if I 'ad a bob I 'd lend it to ye, mate, but I ain't got one. I stands my real swaggar supper last night—'ot fish and green peas, and I 'ad to borrow the money from 'er to pay for it, so I must wait in, when Sammy stumps up, or that 'll be ructions."

Such a suggestion, directed to me, and in the lot of a poor fellow, I might have resorted to it were it not for a vague feeling that I should only land myself in the same predicament on board some other planet. The conviction was growing upon me that all difficulties must be met, grappled with, and overcome.

By a little after 11 o'clock our shutters, tilt, stage, scenery, and everything else connected with the show were snugly packed away in the van and the old horse was put in the shafts. Joe and I then, with keen appreciation of our favour, parted, from which we were soon disturbed by the voice of that ease-loving toter, Samuel Lawkins, as he descended, whip in hand, from the caravan. He swore lustily for several minutes about everything in general and nothing in particular. The other showmen were ready, or nearly so, we were off for Barnet.

Our company consisted of Joe, Mr. and Mrs. Lawkins, their son, two daughters, and myself, and I learned, en route, that our repertoire comprised "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "The Phantom," "Dutchman," "The Demon," "The Wizard," "The Handkerchief," "The Bloody Putty Knife," "The Gallie Slave," or, the Seven Corpses of the Caspian Sea." As the three latter plays were entirely new to me, I ventured to ask Mr. Lawkins to furnish me with my parts.

"Parts?" he cried. "Go 'blime! In my Royal theatre we hacts—use yer lungs and brains if ye've got 'em, young shaver, but don't jor to me 'bout no parts."

It was useless to discuss the matter with him, but, being still in a fog, I asked Joe how I was expected to play parts I'd never seen.

"Well, 'elp me 'ob," said Joe. "Ain't you a hactor?" I replied modestly "that I hoped I was." "Then it's easy enough—'ere's all alike, ain't they? When ye're the all alike, ye're the willun, you looks fierce and takes fierce."

"Then I have to write my own parts?"

"Write, no. Jor and 'oller, that's all."

We stayed at Barnet for three nights, and I was anxious to get on custom to appear nightly in stage attire, on a small platform in front of the booth, when, having attracted a crowd by means of the steam siren or the big drum, the lecturer descended upon the merits of the show and performers.

This task was given to the young man, Mr. Lawkins, except when he was painfully and disagreeably sober, or inconveniently drunk. He was always at his best when about three parts gone, for he had a knack of mixing things up in a fashion which proved exceedingly well performed by the uncritic mind. Having graphically described the horrors of the piece, he would wind up in some such strain as—

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, to see the Demon Glazier. Ere's the demon, look at 'im, Mr. Wilson Triscoot, the most comic tragedian and tragic comedian the world has ever seen. And 'ere's the Demon Glazier, Panter Joe, the son of the spotter, leopard, what makes all the world larf. If you're a sufferin' from lumbago, gout, rheumatism, or tic-doloureux, he's better than a dose of modicum. 'Give physic to the King, Shakspeare says, and see the Demon Glazier, and if that don't make you calthy, wealthy, and wise, go to bed with the lark, and get up with the howl. Walk up, walk up, be in time."

Then, to the accompaniment of drum and cornet, we would dance the people in, subsequently appearing on the stage in our respective parts. Mr. Lawkins, as clown and general comic man, was the life and soul of the whole business. Whenever I or any of the others dried up, or if the interest of the audience seemed to be flagging, Joe would rush on to keep the ball rolling and send the audience into fits of laughter. He took the broadest and funniest whole, the most correct view of a theatrical entertainment, contending as he did that the audience must be amused.

I discovered in course of conversation that Joe knew my early life and Smytherson, and that the professor of the school and connection with my first manager, as he had transformed himself into a fat woman show. He considered it probable that we might strike her in course of our tour, but we did not do so. I met, however, an earlier acquaintance, Mrs. Beaumont, the woman who for a fee of an engagement and then disappeared without fulfilling his part of the contract. He was at this time the proprietor of a rival booth, and although he went under another name, and had made some slight changes in his personal appearance, I was sure of my man. It was altogether useless to expect to get back the two guineas, much as I needed them; but I was anxious to let him know that I recognised him. Accordingly, one morning I spoke, reminding him of our meeting in Dean-street. "You're right, he replied, glancing at me somewhat disdainfully, "you are mistaken. Had you ever consulted me I should have recommended you to be a parson."

I thought there was something contemptuous in his tone, and a suggestion that I was not qualified for the actors' calling, but I felt a little more reassured as he continued—

"He who desires a bishopric desires a good thing, but he who desires to be an actor is not wise."

We travelled through a part of Middlesex, Herts, Bedford, and Essex, visiting the smaller towns, being patronised by the most part by farm servants and children who were satisfied with the most meagre dramatic fare conceivable, provided it was well seasoned with horrors and served piping hot.

The employees of the various shows, although rough and rude of speech, were taken as a whole, as a class, to be of a more refined nature. Very happy-go-lucky, commonly spoken of in this class, so I feel bound to testify briefly to that which I have seen and experienced at their hands. Living, as they did, from hand to mouth, having little or nothing to spare, yet they were ever ready to help a dog in the street, and in the roughest of places they were often accompanying the party with an oath or a curse, as though ashamed of their own tenderness, but long after the oaths have faded away the deeds shall abide in grateful memory, a living testimony to the soul of goodness within him.

Turning for a moment from contemplating the sublime in one's fellows, I might narrate an incident of a different kind. Panther Joe, as I have already intimated, was deeply in love with the merry-faced, buxom girl who looked after the shooting gallery. Until I arrived upon the scene, the affair went on smoothly and pleasantly, but when I came, the girl, by a little too much of her own volition, and with my advent the damsel treated Joe with marked coldness. It is needless for me to protest that I had no intention of stealing her affections from him, and modesty forbids my saying that she was not a fair playmate. I thought, however, that I had "put a charm" on the girl, and endeavored to remove it, threatening that if I neglected to do so he would remove me. In vain I protested against the absurdity of this notion. Joe was persuaded that girls could be charmed, and that anything I agreed with him, but differ as to the means. He put his faith in a full moon, walking three times around the caravan, and repeating certain magic phrases; these phrases I was to supply for all the mystic formulae that he knew had utterly failed. Finding this method of escape impossible, I at length told him that the most potent lover's charm of which I knew was Romeo's address to Juliet in the balcony scene. From that moment Joe did not allow me a moment's peace until he had learnt the lines, for, being unable to read, I had to repeat the words to him.

Being a quick study, he was letter-perfect by the time of the full moon, and the eventful evening having arrived, I hid myself in a convenient corner from which I could see and hear all that took place. Presently Joe appeared, walked around the caravan with his eyes fixed on the moon, and repeated the lines. Just as he reached the words—

"Thou art as glorious to this night, being o'er my head," there were thrown at him almost simultaneously a bag of soot and the contents of a pail of water.

The affair was ludicrous and so utterly unexpected that I was thrown off my guard and laughed heartily. Meanwhile, Joe, spitting, spluttering, and muttering a few strong expletives, rushed away howling dire vengeance against my unfeeling self.

(To be continued.)

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(To be continued.)

The first sitting of the royal commission appointed to inquire into the transactions of the late Government of the Hon. H. Mercer with Mr. Langlais, the stationer, was held at Quebec.

Mr. Webb, cashier of the Union Bank, deposed that 25,000 dollars of the letter of credit for the Langlais contract was before the late General Federal Elections, in the Montreal branch of the bank, the books of which now showed that the amount had been withdrawn.

The death of the Duke of Clarence will make no change in the Queen's continental tour, so far as concerns her visit to Oubelle, Darmstadt, and Coburg. There is no word, either from the Emperor or the Queen, as to whether the Duke of Clarence will be accompanied by the Emperor's daughter, the Princess Alice, or by the Queen's daughter, the Princess Louise.

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## SOCIETY GOSSIP.

(From the World.)

The Duke of Clarence's first journey to the Continent, which he is to make in the month of March, will be a most interesting one. He will be accompanied by the Emperor's daughter, the Princess Alice, or by the Queen's daughter, the Princess Louise.

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reference to her had made against Captain Atwood was false, and stating, "I said it to him because I thought you would not question me further, and when I told Capt. Atwood of my trouble he said as much as I could do for me." He would help him all he could. And after he had been kind to me for me to say that!" But I am in such trouble. I hardly knew what I was saying. Oh! I am nearly mad with trouble. She had written letters to the attorney, and both of them were true. With denied that she had never been asleep on the sofa in the dining room all night with Capt. Atwood. She had written letters to the petitioner first at which time she was in her own home. Had never seen Capt. Atwood alone at the house where she was confined. Had spoken of him as Fross-examined: She admitted that she had written a letter to a relative who was away from which she said that she had written "a letter" to Capt. Atwood, and stated, "I had a note from him saying he was at apt dinner and would be up at the same time place." The case was adjourned.

to the course that the defendant might be handed over to the custody of his friends, and to the consideration that it was not properly looked after in the future.—Mr. Ridley, the complainant, said she resided in Ealing, with a widowed lady. Mrs. Street was a friend of hers, and she lived at a flat in the same house. She had been at various times attending an invitation from Mr. Street, and to calling at her address, 10 Pall Mall, where she first met the accused who was behind. On going upstairs the prisoner followed. She had to go through a small passage, a door of which was ajar, and thinking that the room was that of hers, she entered. It turned out to be a room, however, and as she was about to leave, she was confronted by the prisoner. He said to her, "What are you doing here?" and she said, "Let me go, you brute." She ran down stairs. The police were sent for. Prison was charged, asked her to marry him. Cross-examined: Since the commitment had been made, she had not seen the prisoner. Under the circumstances, she was to withdraw the charge.—Mr. Abingdon then asked that the case be

was summoned for causing the horse to be injured. The defendant, who is a colored man, said he saw the prisoner Lane driving the horse in Casanova road on the 9th inst. The animal was lame, and was being thrashed to make it go. Mr. H. H. King, who is a colored man, said he examined the horse and found it was injured by the stress caused by the contraction of the fore foot. The animal was only fit for the knackers—Longthorne: I have heard it killed. Here is the certificate of the coroner in reference to the same, to show that the horse was in very good condition, except for the lameness.—The defendant said he had no intention of causing suffering to the horse.—Mr. Corser said the boy would be committed.—Longthorne had been punished for driving a horse in the same manner, and he would now have to pay 25s. costs.

REGULATING THE POLICEMAN'S CLOCK. Eliza Bell, 43, a married woman, living 77, Cornwallis road, Holloway, was charged with being guilty of the offence of the P.C. William Horn, 654 E. 6, the proprietor of the clock, of being absent from his lodgings in the same house, and on Friday afternoon, when he returned home at

was not aware of any act of subse-  
quent on his part.  
communication to the police. P.C. Pine,  
detective of the W Division, stated that  
previous evening the prisoner came to the  
station and said he wished to give himself  
for embezzlement, at the same time he  
him a list of sums he had received includ-  
ing the amounts mentioned in the charge.  
reply to a question as to what he had done  
with the money, the prisoner said he  
mixed up with a lot of bad boys and went  
theatres and other places of amusement.  
was sent to goal for six weeks, with  
labour.

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### INQUESTS.

**BURIED IN A GARDEN.**—Dr. Macdonald  
held an inquest with reference to the de-  
cease of the female child of Annie Tibbett,  
a maker, of Murray-street, Hoxton. The  
decease showed that the child was born ear-  
ly on the morning of the 2nd ult., and that  
was illegal abortion. The mother, a widow,  
mother, buried the body the same morn-  
ing in the back garden, stating that she

### A SOUTHAMPTON MYSTERY.

A curious affair, surrounded by mystery, has happened at Southampton. A sailor boy, named Alfred Buck, aged belonging to H.M. training ship, St. Vincent had been spending Christmas with his parents at Park-road. He took leave of his friends on day afternoon with the intention of rejoining his ship, but to the dismay of his parents was discovered in the garden of the hotel at night with a bullet wound in his head. He was taken to a cab to the Royal South Devon Infirmary, where he is being treated, but although conscious the lad will give account of how he came by his dangerous wound, and the mysterious affair is causing some excitement.

The Bishop of Ely has appointed the W. C. E. Newbolt, canon of St. Paul's, to his lordship's examining chaplain in place of Professor Paget, now Dean of Christ Church, Oxford.

MR. HADFIELD ADVISES all men to examine themselves and their families with varicella.

**CORNED BEEF.**  
**THE HOUSEKEEPERS' FRIEND**

<b>LIBBY'S BEEF</b>	<b>REQUIRES NO COOKING.</b>
<b>LIBBY'S BEEF</b>	<b>COOKED READY FOR USE.</b>
<b>LIBBY'S BEEF</b>	<b>WILL KEEP ANYWHERE.</b>
<b>LIBBY'S BEEF</b>	<b>SAVES BOTH TIME AND CARE.</b>
<b>LIBBY'S BEEF</b>	<b>MAKES DELICIOUS SANDWICHES.</b>
<b>LIBBY'S BEEF</b>	<b>MAKES A TASTEFUL AND MINUTE APPETISING FOR BREAKFAST.</b>
<b>LIBBY'S BEEF</b>	<b>WELCOMES FOR LUNCHEON.</b>
<b>LIBBY'S BEEF</b>	<b>DELIGHTFUL FOR SUPPER.</b>
<b>LIBBY'S BEEF</b>	<b>ALWAYS READY. ALWAYS GOOD.</b>
<b>LIBBY'S BEEF</b>	<b>IN LARGE AND SMALL TINS.</b>
<b>LIBBY'S BEEF</b>	<b>ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.</b>
<b>LIBBY'S BEEF</b>	<b>SEE THAT YOU GET LIBBY'S</b>

Awarded only GOLD MEDAL at the International  
Exhibition, London.

**LIBBY'S COMPRESSED CORN  
BEEF.**







THE PEOPLE MIXTURE.

During last week there were 2,680 births and 3,271 deaths in London.

No fewer than 16 persons succumbed to burns or scalds in London last week.

There were five suicides in the metropolis last week.

Sixty-eight deaths last week in the metropolis were attributed to accident or negligence.

In 33 of the largest English towns 6,420 births and 6,435 deaths were registered during the week ending Saturday, January 16th.

Again is reported the lamentable fact that last week in the metropolis 15 infants under a year old were suffocated in bed.

The death of two persons in the metropolis last week was due to the administration of chloroform for the purpose of operations.

The first English Parliament was opened 637 years ago last Monday.

It is proposed to hold another Art Exhibition in the City during the coming spring.

The minimum salary attached to the office of City Chamberlain has of late years been £2,000, and the maximum £2,500.

Millais's well-known painting, "The Blind Girl," has been presented to the Birmingham Art Gallery by Alderman Kenrick.

Lady Eva Greville, who was to have been one of the bridesmaids of Princess Mary, is a victim to the prevailing epidemic at Warwick Castle.

The Earl of Cadogan, acting upon medical advice, has intimated his inability to attend the Unionist meeting at Bath on the 3rd of February, and the meeting has been postponed.

Owing to the present insanitary condition of Wellington College, the next term will be carried on at Ilfracombe, where it is contemplated to secure two large hotels for the accommodation of the staff and boys.

Mr. Edwin Egerton, C.B., who has been First Secretary at the British Embassy in Paris for five years, and acted as Charge d'Affaires during the absence of the ambassador, has accepted the post of British Minister at Athens.

In the Corporation Art Gallery may now be seen the portrait of the German Emperor which His Imperial Majesty has presented to the ex-Lord Mayor Savory.

The portrait of the German Emperor, which is his Lord Mayor's robes, is also exhibited at the Guildhall Gallery.

Terrible stories of the Russian famine are being told in St. Petersburg. In the district of Chelabinsk the male inhabitants are hurrying away, in order not to see their families starve.

The carcasses of horses and cattle, and the bodies of human beings, lie unburied, and the residents in one village have partaken of the last Sacrament.

As an instance of the rapidity with which French wit comes into play, a correspondent mentions that a few moments after the Constans-Laur incident the following pun-drum was in everybody's mouth:—

Question: Why ought M. Constans to be a pointed (crowned) man? Answer: Because he strikes Laur (Lorraine).

A worthy married couple living in the circuit of Meccatitz, in Germany, during the past year had five children added to their family circle.

The mother of the children is the wife of a master smith, named Hausler, of Kainscht. The frau had twins a year ago, and at the end of the year (last October) she presented her husband with triplets.

The Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York City, has just been named as a member in her will by one of his congregation, a Mrs. John Sturtz.

Dr. Hall receives £3,000, his wife £2,000, and his daughter £1,000. With the exception of a few legacies to friends, the fortune—aggregate £2,000,000—is left to different charities.

Marchese Felice of the old and famous boarding house at last to disappear. A boarding house, which Charles Dickens describes in the preface to "Little Dorrit," is this preparatory to their demolition, and to further changes around the conspicuous church of St. George.

Lady Henry Somerset, after her close inquiry and personal examination into the condition of the New York poor, is of the opinion that the great aggregation of misery, which renders it more grimly terrible, if possible, than that in London, is the enormous rental demanded by the landlords out of the wretched earnings of the poor.

Curiously enough, the new Khedive of Egypt is not, according to Mohammedan law, the genuine heir, who is really Ismail, the youngest son of the great Mohammed Ali, and uncle of Tewfik's father, Ismail, Ismail, who is in many respects a good character, and ability, and has been Governor-general of the Sudan, was practically ousted from the succession by Ismail Pasha.

In consequence of the death of the Duke of Clarence, the number of telegrams passing through the offices of the Telegraph Service increased from 108,000 (itself an high number) on Wednesday of last week to more than 128,000 on Thursday, an increase of more than 18,000; and the number of London local telegrams from 19,000 to 25,000, a difference of 6,000.

The receipts on account of revenue from the last of April, 1891, when there was a balance of £6,707,897, to January 18th, 1892, were £65,771,427, against £66,875,301 in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, a decrease of £1,103,874.

The net expenditure was £72,252,497, against £70,207,916 to the same date in the previous year. The Treasury balances on January 18th, 1892, amounted to £1,310,583, and at the same date in 1891 to £1,783,382.

As soon as the fatal termination of the prince's illness was announced, telegrams poured in at St. James's Palace from all parts of the world, and in many different languages. They came from Germany, from Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, the United States, the Dominion of Canada, from Australia, and from every British colony.

On Thursday, the 18th, the day on which the prince died, 2,000 telegrams were received, and on the next day there were more than 1,100.

The deaths of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ashley, who were once well known in London theatrical circles, occurred under very pathetic circumstances. Husband and wife were on a tour with their company. The lady contracted influenza a few days after her confinement, and the husband succumbed to the disease four days after the death of his wife.

Mrs. Ashley's stage name was Evelyn Unsworth, and she was besides a favourite actress in the provinces, she was the authoress of the drama, "For Queen and Country."

The origin of the office of Chamberlain to the City of London seems to be lost in the mists of antiquity. Thus much, however, is tolerably certain—that in ancient times the Chamberlain of London was an officer not of the corporation, but of the crown; and that the chamberlain's treasury belonged to the king; and that payments made to the chamberlain were made on behalf of the king.

The fifth charter granted by King John to the citizens of London, or rather to the "barons thereof," gave the right of choosing a mayor every year, to be presented to the king or his

justice, but "saving to the king" his chamberlainship.

King Oscar of Sweden celebrated his 63rd birthday on Thursday.

Miss Nellie Farrer is on the high road to recovery.

The Hospital Sunday Fund has received an anonymous donation of £500.

It was recently decided by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts that the use of the word "damn" is not profanity.

Archdeacon Farrar says the leading characteristics of the dead prince were affability, tenderness, and simple courtesy.

Thomas Honeyman, a surfaceman, dropped down on the platform of the Kingsford Station and died instantaneously.

William Pryce, an Edinburgh street porter, cut his throat so determinedly that the wounds proved fatal within a few hours.

"The devil may," says the Rev. John McNeill, "tempt a busy man, but an idle man tempts the devil, and finds some mischief for his idle hands to do."

On the occasion of the Greek New Year's day Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria received about 3,000 congratulatory telegrams from various parts of the Principality.

There were 83 deaths from measles in London last week, 9 from scarlet fever, 29 from diphtheria, 166 from whooping-cough, 16 from enteric fever, and 30 from diarrhoea and dysentery.

A despatch from Vladivostok states that out of 350,000 roubles which was stolen from the Imperial Treasury at that place in December last, 250,000 roubles have been discovered in the quarters of an exile named Poliakoff. The money was concealed in some old petroleum tins.

Of Sir Wilfrid Lawson Cardinal Manning once said, "I never heard any man whose spontaneity was fun as so overflowing as Sir Wilfrid Lawson's. He, somehow or other, cannot open his mouth without joking; but I may say I never heard of his mouth's joke that ought to have wounded any man."

Convocation of the University of London resolved to oppose the charter for an Albert University, on the grounds that teaching new body would neither supply a teaching university for London nor tend to promote the interests of higher education, while it might interfere with the work of the University of London.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling was on Monday married, at All Souls', Marylebone, to Miss Caroline Starr Balestier. The ceremony, which was of the quietest character, was performed by one of the curates, and the register was signed by Mr. Henry James, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Ambrose Poynter, and Mr. William Heinemann.

Here is a story of Sir Wilfrid Lawson—A man in the cinder counties said to one of his labourers, "John, if I will give you a year's allowance of cider I will give you a year's allowance of cider. Why not?"

"No, thank you," said John.

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A Glasgow baker, who was taken into the police station on a charge of being drunk and incapable, was found dead when visited the next morning.

The young lady who writes to a contemporary complaining that there are no papers exclusively devoted to skating should consider herself with the reflection that curling papers are still plentiful and cheap.

Charity covers a multitude of sins. It covers even poker-playing, take 25 out of the when the players agree to take 25 out of the fund, as was done in New York the other day.

A noticed cockney traveller says that the French people are remarkably pleasant and amiable. Everybody he spoke to in sunny France smiled at him. Probably the cockney spoke to them in French.

Sir Spencer has consented to accept the nomination for office of Chancellor of the Victoria University, Manchester, offered by a committee of convocation. No opposition is expected.

"If Shakespeare obtains only a tithe of the success of Mr. Jones on these boards I shall be well pleased," thus Mr. Bearbohm Tree, speaking on the first birthday of "The Dancing Girl."

"Is your African career closed," Stanley was asked. "I'm not prepared to admit that," said the explorer. "I don't know; I am the explorer. To-day I am lecturing; to-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow."

An elderly man named Thomas Roberts, of Oswestry, died on the night of the 21st, of a heart attack, and was so seriously burned that he died from shock to the system.

Lord Castlereagh once remarked in the House of Commons, that "he stood in protest with indignation at a charge brought against the administration of which he was a member."

It is said that Mr. Frank Stockton, the American litterateur, is so painstaking in his work that he sometimes waits hours for a word. Can it be that Mr. Stockton has his words brought to him by district messenger boys?















